Emil. By that you would have pitty in another,
By your owne vertues infinite.
Hip. By valour,
By all the chaſte nights I have ever pleaſd you.
Theſ. Theſe are ſtrange Conjurings. (our dangers,
Per. Nay then Ile in too: By all our friendſhip Sir, by all
By all you love moſt, warres; and this ſweet Lady.
Emil. By that you would have trembled to deny
A bluſhing Maide.
Hip. By your owne eyes: By ſtrength
In which you ſwore I went beyond all women,
Almoſt all men, and yet I yeelded *Theſeus.*
Per. To crowne all this; By your moſt noble ſoule
Which cannot want due mercie, I beg firſt.
Hip. Next heare my prayers.
Emil. Laſt let me intreate Sir.
Per. For mercy.
Hip. Mercy.
Emil. Mercy on theſe Princes.
Theſ. Ye make my faith reele: Say I felt
Compaſſion to'em both, how would you place it?
Emil. Vpon their lives: But with their baniſhments.
Theſ. You are a right woman, Siſter, you have pitty,
But want the vnderſtanding where to uſe it.
If you deſire their lives, invent a way
Safer then baniſhment: Can theſe two live
And have the agony of love about 'em,
And not kill one another? Every day
The'yld fight about you; howrely bring your honour
In publique queſtion with their Swords; Be wiſe then
And here forget 'em; it concernes your credit,
And my oth equally: I have ſaid they die,
Better they fall by'th law, then one another.
Bow not my honor.
Emil. O my noble Brother,
That oth was raſhly made, and in your anger,
Your reaſon will not hold it, if ſuch vowes
Stand for expreſſe will, all the world muſt periſh.

Beſide

Beſide, I have another oth, gainſt
Of more authority, I am ſure mo
Not made in paſſion neither, but
Theſ. What is it Siſter?
Per. Vrge it home brave Lady
Emil. That you would nev'r
Fit for my modeſt ſuit, and your
I tye you to your word now, if y
Thinke how you maime your h
(For now I am ſet a begging Sir
To all but your compaſſion) ho
Might breed the ruine of my na
Shall any thing that loves me pe
That were a cruell wiſedome, d
The ſtraight yong Bowes that b
Becauſe they may be rotten? O
The goodly Mothers that have
And all the longing Maides tha
If your vow ſtand, ſhall curſe m
And in their funerall ſongs, fo
Deſpiſe my crueltie, and cry wo
Till I am nothing but the ſcorn
For heavens ſake ſave their live
Theſ. On what conditions?
Emil. Sweare 'em never mo
To make me their Contention
To tread upon thy Dukedome
Where ever they ſhall travel, e
Pal. Ile be cut a peeces
Before I take this oth, forget I
O all ye gods diſpiſe me then:
I not miſlike, ſo we may faire
Our Swords, and cauſe along
But take our lives Duke, I mu
And for that love, muſt and d
On any peece the earth has.
Theſ. Will you *Arcite*
Take theſe conditions?

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